

Good Morning

\$57

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Beneath The Surface

With Al Male

I DON'T suppose there is a state of social (or Service) conditions that has had more eulogy in the whole history of mankind than that quality known as Comradeship.

The word expresses everything you can imagine. Its pinnacle is found in the sacrifice on Calvary.

You know what I mean. Maybe it was recognition of this binding quality that caused a certain section of political philosophy to call all its members by the word "Comrade" instead of plain Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Aw, heck, this is greater than any political outlook and mightier than any creed of philosophy.

It is conduct at its best. And that is why we have the Distinguished Conduct Medal and all that it stands for.

Many years ago I had a football coach who used to give us lectures on the game and the pursuit of it. Every time he lectured, even before a big match, he used to end up like this:

"Remember, boys, one man one ball. Don't hog it. It doesn't belong to you personally. It belongs to the team who can master it and keep it. Pass it along. Don't let the side down!"

I tell you, it was good to hear the way he stressed this last sentence: "DON'T LET THE SIDE DOWN!"

The surprising thing is that so many people do let their sides down. Shirk your job, delay it, scamp it, and you are not only letting the side down, but you are putting on somebody else the onus of keeping YOUR end up.

I was talking to a manager of a shipyard the other day, where there was a bit of bother with the men. They were threatening to strike. The manager paid me the compliment of asking me to act as arbitrator, and the men said they'd let it go at that.

And what do you think was all the trouble?

Why, just that the manager, in going his rounds, had found a worker fast asleep under a heap of material; and the manager had told him to go to the cashier and get his money.

So the other men, in what they called "sympathy," had threatened to strike!

It was a daft notion. I told them so. I had the sleeper up before the others, and I asked him a few questions. Had he had trouble at home? No. Had he had any reason for knocking off work? No. Did he think he was playing the game? He didn't answer that one.

Then the others. I asked them if they were prepared to let their Comrade sleep while they did his job? Some murmurings then.

I asked them if they were ready to work so that he might sleep and draw the money they had earned? That got them. Up stood a man and said: "I'm going back to the job, and Bill

ain't going to get me to back him if he lets the job down." And they all went back. Bill, too.

I can't imagine any man willingly letting his side down. And that goes in family life, too. If a man does this he is doing a deliberately rotten thing. He is a quitter.

I don't need to labour the point. It is the other side of the situation I want to labour and keep on labouring. Is the labourer worthy of his hire?

Only if he labours. That is sound Christian argument as well as sound economics.

You remember the story of the talents? You will find it in St. Luke, chapter 19. That parable was spoken because Jesus was then "nigh unto Jerusalem," and because His disciples thought the Kingdom was coming right away.

Oh, you know the story. You know that the servant who had been trusted by his boss with one talent "hid it in a napkin" and gave as his excuse when he produced it, that the boss expected to "reap where he did not sow."

Listen to the sentence passed on that lack of enterprise, that deliberate letting down of the side.

"Take from him the pound and give it unto him that hath the ten pounds. . . . For I say unto you that unto him that hath shall be given; and from him that hath not, even that shall be taken from him."

It is True, essentially true. It is a law of Nature, a profound fact, that if you don't keep up your end you'll finish by losing it.

Only by doing the bit you are expected to do, only by being there when the Side wants and needs you, can you be of value to the Side.

They didn't need to search far for Him when they wanted to crucify Him. He was there, in the Garden, ready for the ordeal that meant so much to the world.

He never let the Side down.

Would it not be grand if Somewhere, Somehow, when the Big Question is met by you and I, that we shall be able to say humbly: "Master, I didn't let YOU down!"

Cheerio, and Good Hunting for the Side.

Sunday Thoughts

Be England what she will,
With all her faults she is my
country still.

Charles Churchill
(1731-1764).

I weigh the man, not his
title; 't is not the king's
stamp can make the metal
better.

Wycherley, "The
Plainedealer."

That best portion of a good
man's life—
His little, nameless, unre-
membered acts
Of kindness and of love.
Wordsworth.

SALMON NORMAL- TROOPS—USE OF— TO CATCH—METHOD

(ONE)

★—————★
System (One)
Quare (Daniel)
as told by
★—————★



It looks Old-fashioned—
But it's good

deposited by floods and high tides. The pools are as lifeless as a bath-tub. Suddenly there comes a time when the call of fresh water urges the salmon to "run"; when their great hog backs cleave wedged waves in the river; when the pools fill with fish stopping to rest on their long journey from the sea to the breeding grounds up-river.

It can be a paying holiday. The very minimum you must be prepared to spend is £50 if your ambition is to be the principal tenant of a "let," in which case you can take the best time for yourself and sub-let the rights to others for the rest of the time. Rentals depend upon the month, but I should say that this year a good average is £100 a month.

In April, May and June the figures run up to about £150 a month. But, with the price of salmon as it is, a man has only to catch about 50 or 60 salmon during his month's fishing to get his money back.

On the neighbouring River Don, too, the salmon season looks like being a record one for the war years.

Much of it is a gamble. Days go by when the nets bring up nothing except the debris

These days a single salmon can fetch several pounds in the wholesale market. A lucky draught can bring a man in £50-worth of fish. And there was one memorable occasion last year when a Handbridge fisherman took thirty-four salmon in a day's draught and sold them in the market for £130. He would have made more if the net hadn't broken with the weight of the catch. Of course, this good luck can't hold. This sort of salmon-fishing must be a gamble, and the good days are mortgaged to pay for the bad ones.

During the whole season the river is closed for netting from midnight Thursday to midnight

Sunday—to permit a proportion of the fish to run up-river to the spawning beds. The netting grounds are limited to six main stations at various points in the tidal water of the river. Handbridge is the busiest. To prevent the river being fished dry, the licences for netting are limited to 39, though, of course, these are sub-let. A licence costs only £7 (payable to the Dee Fishing Board), and cynics say that this is the cheapest part of the sport!

A group of men share the rights of fishing each station, the best stations being gravelly pools where the fish are accustomed to rest on their up-river journey, and where the bottom is good for netting.

They have a profit-sharing scheme between fisherman and assistants—the fisherman usually owning the boat and tackle, and giving a third of the profits to the assistants. It is traditional that the men

take it in turns to cast their nets, the man who opens the season being the first man to tie his boat on the starting mark.

There is even a "fisherman's parliament" and "law court" to settle disputes—the code of rules being handed down through the same fishing families for hundreds of years. If there's a quarrel, the rule of the majority decides the issue. The order of fishing is so arranged that every man gets an equal chance of fish.

And, in a final argument, the word of the oldest netsman is generally accepted as the law of the community. For a long time it has been the unenviable job of Mr. George King, "boss" and superintendent of the Fishery Board, to settle who is the oldest netsman! The three in the running for this strange honour are Jack White, Jack Spencer, and Malcolm Webster.

The man who has first turn at the nets rows out his boat about 11 p.m. on Saturday night, and just as midnight strikes he lets out his net gently, noiselessly, yard by yard. His assistant stays ashore to hold the towing rope while the netsman spreads the net across the pool and brings it round in a wide arc to a point downstream.

Then the two men haul in, moving closer together as they pull until the net closes in like an old-fashioned purse.

All the time they're anxiously watching the top of the net to see if there is a salmon striking himself against the corks. If there's no movement, it doesn't necessarily mean no salmon, for sometimes a fish will lie so quiet that he isn't discovered until the last few yards of the net are dragged ashore.

As soon as the first man has completed his draught, the next on the list throws his net over the same water. And so it goes on, night and day, until fishing stops at midnight on the Thursday.

Immediately the fish are caught they are washed and carried home, then wrapped in wet sacking to prevent them losing weight through evaporation. Early next morning they are sold in market to the fishmongers—an average wholesale price for a medium salmon being about £4 10s. Who wouldn't?

Barbara's birthday Hello! to you L/S Arthur Richardson

BARBARA'S birthday picture for you, Leading Signaller Arthur Richardson. All the way from Balmaine Road, Davyhulme. The key tells what an important birthday it was. That's your card she is reading.

Barbara would have been very happy had you been there, but the party was postponed until your next

leave, and will be a combined 21st birthday and engagement party.

Meanwhile, Barbara has left her work as a shorthand-typist and has volunteered for nursing. By now she will be ministering at the Manchester Royal Children's Hospital. She is very keen, and feels that it is better work in these days.

We called on mother, too.

Her picture was taken at your home, 22 Carrington Street, Flixton. She keeps in touch with Vernon (R.A.F.), Jack (Navy), and Cyril, who "keeps his feet on the ground" in the Army. It was mother who let us into the secret of your forthcoming engagement to Barbara. All's well, Arthur. Good Hunting!

And (of course)
Mother's



Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

HE WAS THE LORD OF "LORDS"

From Martin Thornhill

THERE'S a real Dick Whittington lab about the story of the labourer's son who left his Yorkshire village at age 25 to seek his fortune in London, and became "Lord Mayor of Cricket."

Thirsk, Thomas Lord early decided, held few opportunities for a young fellow with any sort of ambition. But the path to fame and riches was beset with snags and hardships; the capital greeted Lord with cruel indifference. After many attempts to hook something in line with his lofty aims, he was only too grateful to get a job as a humble groundsman at the White Conduit Cricket Club.

Yet it was this appointment, accepted in desperation, that unwittingly headed Lord along the road he badly wished to travel. He was tending the imperfect pitch at the White Conduit when the Earl of Winchester, somewhat of an enthusiast for cricket, spotted him, and forthwith engaged him as a servant.

Whenever Lord's master wanted practice, the ex-groundsman had to lob him a variety of balls to keep His Sporting Lordship's eye in. Far from boring him, the practice added to his interest in the game. Within a few months this had grown into an intense fervour for the sport in all its aspects.

As well, though of humble birth, Lord was a man of considerable vision and keen business instinct. He quickly realised that cricket, then hardly more than a country sport with a small following, had a great future. In a short while he had rented a ground near Dorset Square, prepared and fenced it, even taking over a nearby inn.

The stage was set. In 1787 the first big match to be played on this ground attracted 2,000 visitors. And Lord, who also either knew a thing or two about catering or had quickly acquired the knowledge, saw that the entire 2,000 were served with outdoor refreshments.

His venture prospered; it went from strength to strength for twelve years. Yet each year Lord lavished every penny of profits (which were considerable) on improvements and extensions. Seeing how

the wind blew, his landlord decided to raise the rent, pitch-forking Lord, who was without liquid assets, into debt.

Once again adversity proved a helpmate rather than a stumbling-block to the pioneer sportsman. Unable to pay the much higher rental, he tore himself free from his successes at Dorset Square and looked about for another ground. He found one without much difficulty, and set about transferring his headquarters, surprising everybody by carting to the new ground all the turf from the old one.

For four years the new venture served Lord well. Then a canal scheme again robbed him of real success. That, thought many, would be the end of Lord and his beloved cricket. But not a bit of it. Lord was a stickler. Instead of a setback, this disappointment turned out to be the eve of Thomas Lord's great triumph as the real father of cricket.

More determined than ever to establish cricket as a national sport, T.L. found a new site. He told the Marylebone Cricket Club, which had lately been formed as the direct result of his efforts, that he would provide them with the finest cricket ground England had ever seen.

And he kept his word. Once again he had all the turf removed from his previous ground. Thus, the famous Lord's of to-day is carpeted with the turf which served Lord on his original venture. "The most travelled grass in the City," people used to say. It was, perhaps, a shrewd business move, as well as a matter of sentiment, for a good deal of valuable publicity was given to "Mr. Lord's travelling cricket ground."



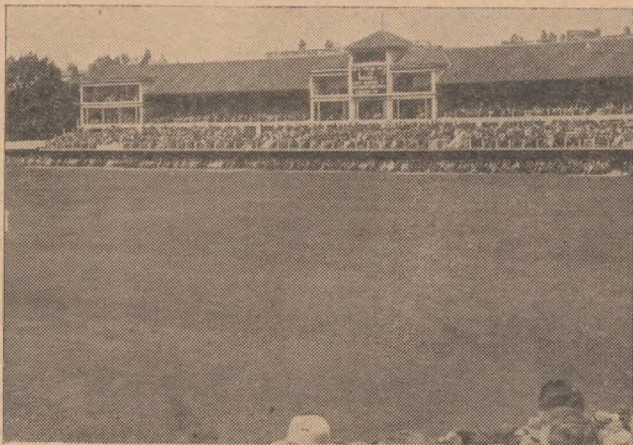
"GOOD MORNING'S" GREAT-GRANDPA.

YES, believe it or not, this is the Great-Granddad of all newspapers. It's Britain's first printing press, set up by Caxton in 1476.

It turned out splendid work for over half a century—and could still be used for printing if you didn't mind it being a bit slow, because it turned out the printed sheets, one by one, by manual power. To-day it is housed in the Science Museum, London.

With the pavilions built and the great games in full swing, Lord was content at last. His great ambition had been realised. The greatest games in cricketing history were now being played on his ground. At long last cricket had found a real home.

As an old man, Thomas Lord retired to a farm in the country, and died 112 years ago in the little village of West Meon, in the county which boasts the site of the cradle of cricket. For on Broadhalfpenny Down, Hambleton, Hampshire, abides the time-honoured memorial to ye games that marked the beginning of the great national pastime—the infectious sport which afterwards sallied forth to establish its equally firm hold on British Dominions at the far ends of the earth.



AND HE TOO, PLAYED THE "GOOD GAME" OF LIFE

A Photo of a unique tombstone in Blackpool



ODD CORNER

THE National Book Recovery and Salvage Campaign, which collects books from the homes of Britain for distribution to Service men and women throughout the world, aims at getting 50,000,000 volumes. This is an enormous number—it is 17,000 times the total number of stars visible to the naked eye, and 65 times the number of words in the Bible.

The eagle is the most common heraldic creature, and came to Europe from ancient Babylon and Persia. The Romans used it as the ensign of the Legion, and the French, Americans, Poles, Austrians and Germans have all used it on their arms. The two-headed eagle was used by Charlemagne to cover the Holy Roman Em-

pire, and is a combination of the German eagle, whose head turned to the right, with the Roman eagle, whose head turned to the left.

When were traffic lights invented? Most people would say since the last war, but London had them in 1868! At that date a 30ft. standard was erected at the corner of Bridge Street and Great George Street, Westminster, and on the top was a gas lamp showing red and green lights. It was controlled by hand, and in addition to the light, had a semaphore arm like a railway signal.

There are 230 clocks in Windsor Castle, and a detailed list of them is kept by the Lord Chamberlain's department. Among them is the clock that Henry VIII gave to Anne Boleyn on their wedding day. The weights are beautifully engraved, and bear the monogram "H.A." surrounded by true-lovers' (!) knots.

MOUNTAIN, WOOD AND COUNTRYSIDE

By Fred Kitchen

"Patch" had a Sense of Honour

PATCH is a white-haired fox-terrier with a brown patch over one eye; and because a white dog causes more alarm amongst sheep and cattle than does a more sober-coloured dog, Patch is not welcome amongst the farm-buildings.

But on threshing day the "colour-bar" is overlooked, and Patch is welcomed for his skill at rat-catching.

The sheep-dogs have a poor opinion of Patch and treat him with haughty disdain or a curl of the lip, especially so old Bess, who thinks him an irresponsible creature lacking in all the qualities that go to make a reliable guardian of the sheep-fold.

The young dog, Jock, will so far unbend as to "pass the time of day" with the terrier, and even—when Shep's back is turned—have a game with him.

But there can be no affinity between Bess and Patch, for Bess belongs to Shep only, and acknowledges no other voice but his, while Patch is the friend of anyone who uses the magic word "Rats!"

Nevertheless Patch is a lovable little fellow, and the difference in temperament is all in favour of Patch, who is free and easy with everyone, while Bess—well, unless properly introduced, she resents any show of familiarity.

Patch's great delight is to rummage about amongst the sacks of corn in the barn, where he sniffs and snorts like a little petrol engine, his short tail wagging in anticipation of a sure slaughter.

He's a persistent little wretch, too, and after a few unsuccessful sniffs, whimpers to have the sacks pulled aside so that he can get to business—and when a sack is moved aside he just goes berserk with excitement.

It was a wet morning, and, not being fit to harvest, provided an opportunity for dipping sheep.

Two of the men were tidying up the grinding house while awaiting Shep's arrival with the sheep.

Patch was having the time of his life amongst floury mealbags, sniffing and sneezing to his heart's content, when in came Shep, followed by young Jock.

Statues to Soda, Blankets, Adam

Says Ronald Garth

IN the little Normandy town of Vimontier there's a monument to the simple peasant woman who invented Camembert.

She was a thrifty and lucky soul who found so much surplus milk being produced on her farm that she decided to make cheese. Her methods were unusual, and evolved a new variety, called after the village in which she was born.

A red granite pylon has also been erected in a neighbouring village commemorating the man who discovered red currant jelly nearly six centuries ago.

In the United States, too, there's a statue to the memory of Joseph Priestley, who made the first soda-water.

Vienna has a statue to Emanuel Herman, who made the first postcard. And Bodenwerder, a small German town, has a statue of the world's biggest liar, the notorious Baron

Munchausen. Maybe they'll commemorate Goebbels later!

Just outside Los Angeles there is an eerie gibbet at the side of the road, from which dangles a replica of the skeleton of the man who served the world's first ice-cream soda.

Actually, he was killed in a road smash, and the authorities sought permission from the relatives to erect a gruesome sign warning other drivers. Only afterwards did they discover that ice-cream sodas, not road crashes, were receiving publicity!

In Baltimore, U.S.A., they'll soon be hanging flags and flowers around the statue of that clothes-conscious citizen, Adam.

A well-known philanthropist worked out by an ingenious, if faulty, mathematical system that Adam was born just 5,937 years ago, in mid-November. He not only paid for the statue, but also left an endowment providing decorations for it.

In Belgium, there's a monument to commemorate Antoine Sax, who invented several musical instruments, but made his name immortal with the saxophone.

With cold nights coming on, we might show a similar suitable gratitude by erecting a pyramid to the poor Bristol weaver whose ingenuity keeps us warm.

He felt so chilly one bitterly cold night in 1740 that he couldn't sleep. Having no more fuel with which to stoke up the fire, he went down to his workshop to find some extra covering. In a corner he discovered some rough, unfinished cloth.

He slept so snugly in it that he mentioned the matter to his customers next day, and even began to weave similar strips of cloth for their service. To-day, everyone recognises his name—Thomas Blanket.

THINK THESE OVER TO-DAY

The English Bible—a book which, if everything else in our language should perish, would alone suffice to show the whole extent of its beauty and power. Macaulay.

Tell proud Jove, Between his power and thine there is no odds: 'Twas only fear first in the world made gods. Ben Jonson.

If some great Power would agree to make me always think what is true and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock and wound up every morning before I got out of bed, I should instantly close with the offer. T. H. Huxley.

To be discontented with the divine discontent, and to be ashamed with the noble shame, is the very germ and first upgrowth of all virtue. Charles Kingsley.

The writers against religion, whilst they oppose every system, are wisely careful never to set up any of their own. Edmund Burke.

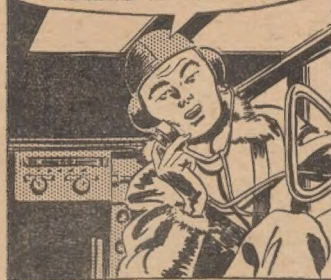
Wild animals never kill for sport. Man is the only one to whom the torture and death of his fellow-creatures is amusing in itself. J. A. Fréde.

When I'm not thanked at all, I'm thanked enough, I've done my duty, and I've done no more. Fielding.

Send us your stories
jokes, drawings
and ideas—help
produce your own
newspaper.

BUCK RYAN

SKIPPER CALLING HONOURABLE MEMBER, SECRET SERVICE. PLEASE CONDESCEND TO VISIT AND REPORT UPON THE CONDITION OF THE INJURED RADIO OPERATOR



I SHALL NEED HIM TO CALL SINGAPORE PRESENTLY AND ARRANGE TO HAVE OUR CREW MADE UP FROM THERE



VERY GOOD, HONOURABLE TAIL

I CAN MANAGE THIS DWARF, ZOLA. YOU GO AND SHUT THAT DOOR



GOSH - I'D FORGOTTEN THAT



OH

+



YOU! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?



YOU COME WITH ME TO SEE CAPTAIN!

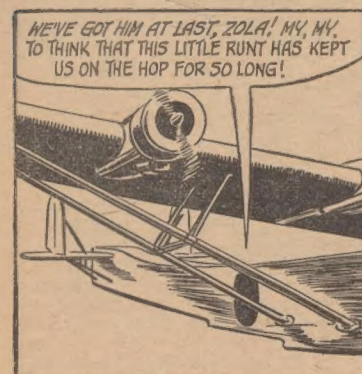


DUCK, ZOLA!



GOSH, SEE WHO IT IS?

NOT NOW!



WE'VE GOT HIM AT LAST, ZOLA! MY, MY, TO THINK THAT THIS LITTLE RUNT HAS KEPT US ON THE HOP FOR SO LONG!



HE NEARLY SCARED THE LIFE OUT OF ME

WELL, NEXT TIME YOU SEE A YELLOW MUG POP THROUGH THAT DOOR, SHOOT!

AH, HERE'S THAT BOTTLE OF RABIES VIRUS



NAVIGATOR CALLING TAIL. THE COURSE IS PLOTTED, SIR PLEASE DEIGN TO CHECK BEARINGS

GO AHEAD, TOYOTO



ALL CORRECT! GO NOW AND SEE IF OUR RADIO OPERATOR HAS RECOVERED. NAOKI, THE ENGINEER, AND OUR GUEST ARE WITH HIM. DAWN IS HERE AND IT BECOMES INCREASINGLY URGENT TO ESTABLISH COMMUNICATION



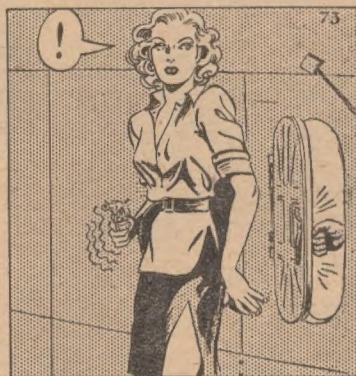
IF THE WOUNDED ONE IS UNABLE TO EXECUTE HIS RADIO DUTIES THEN YOU, AND NAOKI, MUST TAKE THE CODE BOOK FROM HIM AND ENDEAVOUR TO COMPILE A MESSAGE AND TRANSMIT



VERY GOOD, HON. TAIL. I'LL GO TO THE CARGO-HOLD IMMEDIATELY



COCK YOUR GUN AT THAT DOOR, ZOLA, WHILE I MIX THIS BLOKE WITH THE SACKS OF RICE



!



OH GOSH, I CAN'T DO IT!



THANKS, ZOLA! I NEVER HEARD THAT DOOR -

YE GODS - DID - DID I DO IT?

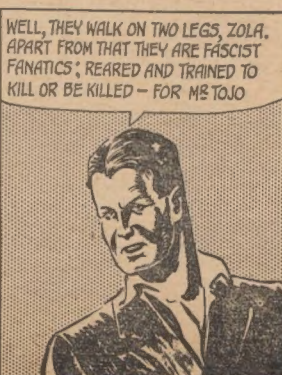


DON'T THANK ME! MY HAND WAS SHAKING. HE PUSHED THE DOOR AGAINST ME AND -

LISTEN, WOULD HE BEHAVE LIKE THIS IF HE'D KILLED YOU?



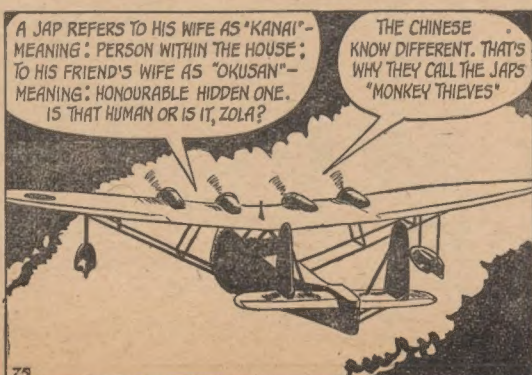
I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH THIS, BUCK! SHOOTING THAT JAP HAS SICKENED ME. SUPPOSE HE HAS A FAMILY, A FIANCÉE? THEY ARE HUMAN, AREN'T THEY?



WELL, THEY WALK ON TWO LEGS, ZOLA. APART FROM THAT THEY ARE FASCIST FANATICS; REARED AND TRAINED TO KILL OR BE KILLED - FOR ME TOJO



WHEN THEY ENLIST THEY BID FAREWELL TO THEIR FAMILIES FOR GOOD AND THEY NEVER WRITE HOME. AS FOR THEIR WOMEN-FOLK - THEY ARE TREATED AS SERFS; DOMESTIC MENIALS EXISTING AS IF BY CHARITY



A JAP REFERS TO HIS WIFE AS 'KANAI' - MEANING: PERSON WITHIN THE HOUSE; TO HIS FRIEND'S WIFE AS 'OKUSAN' - MEANING: HONOURABLE HIDDEN ONE. IS THAT HUMAN OR IS IT, ZOLA?

THE CHINESE KNOW DIFFERENT. THAT'S WHY THEY CALL THE JAPS "MONKEY THIEVES"

STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J. S. Newcombe

THE current air mail stamps of Curacao, Netherlands West Indies, in the values of 1.40, 2.80, 5, and 10 guilders, now appear surcharged "Voor Krijgsgevangenen" (For Prisoners of War). The new values are 40 plus 50c., 45 plus 50c., 50 plus 75c., and 60 plus 100c., and the 20,000 sets overprinted were issued by the postmaster in Willemstad, Curacao, on December 1, 1943. Orders for these sets were solicited, and the price fixed at 4.70 guilders (approximately 12/6 English currency).

The manner of distributing this issue is the subject of much questioning among dealers, both here and more particularly in America.

It appears that long before the day of issue the stamps had been heavily over-subscribed. Many dealers couldn't get supplies at all. When they came into the market, collectors were puzzled by the widely varying prices asked by the dealers. In New York the lowest quotation was \$3.50. In London the set is priced mint at £4.

"The fact that the issue was limited to 20,000," writes a dealer in the New York "Stamps" pointedly, "meant nothing out of the ordinary for the new issue dealer, as we all knew that 20,000 sets were more than ample for normal requirements of collectors. Therefore, American dealers placed orders for the quantity they would need in the normal course of business, without even a thought that full delivery would not be forthcoming.

"None had any reason to guess that when the issue came out the American dealers would all be rationed at the rate of 23 per cent., but this is what happened.

"Orders were refused before the stamps were put on sale. The purpose of this issue was stated to be to secure funds for the relief of Dutch prisoners of war. Is it not reasonable to ask why the printing was not increased to meet the demand which was known before the date of issue?

"That is a customary procedure on the part of governments in the case of any issue of stamps, and it is difficult to understand why, in this instance, when the funds were to be used for the relief of prisoners of war, the government would deliberately limit the receipts.

"It is rumored that the issue was manipulated in Curacao itself, and that local interests—some say a local banker—entered into the scene, subscribed to a quantity far in excess of the entire issue, knowing the situation well enough to be sure only a percentage would be received, but still a large enough percentage to corner it.

"Were the later orders refused so as not to disturb the percentages which were allocated to American subscribers? So that a local buyer or buyers could secure the majority of the issue?

"The fact that American dealers received only 23 per cent. of their orders would mean that the total subscriptions were for approximately 87,000 sets. At the approximate price of \$2.60 per set, this would mean receipts

of \$226,200, a fantastic amount of money to be paid out in advance for any new issue.

"It is obvious that if the Curacao post office had had any intention of filling all the orders for 87,000 sets, the local interests, if such there were, would have seen no investment opportunity, would not have ordered any of the stamps, and only a portion of the originally announced 20,000 sets could have been sold.

"The stamp business," concludes the writer, "can regulate itself very nicely without

artificial shortages created by outside speculators. We have always been able to compete among ourselves, and collectors always have had the benefit of competition in the market . . . but when the stamp fraternity of the world, including dealers and collectors alike, have to contend with powerful bankers, then we throw up our hands.

I understand that 3,000 sets reached England. A good crop of major and minor varieties have been detected, and for the best of these fantastic prices are being charged.

The moral of this story is an old one: Don't pay fancy prices for new issues that are put on the market to draw collectors, and have little to do with legitimate postal business. A manipulated issue, as the American writer points out, will come down in price as soon as the persons who have cornered it let go some of their holdings.

The Russian stamp illustrated here commemorates the 125th anniversary of the birth of Karl Marx. Printed in mezzotint, with a perforation of 12, there are two values, 30k. grey-blue and 60k. green.

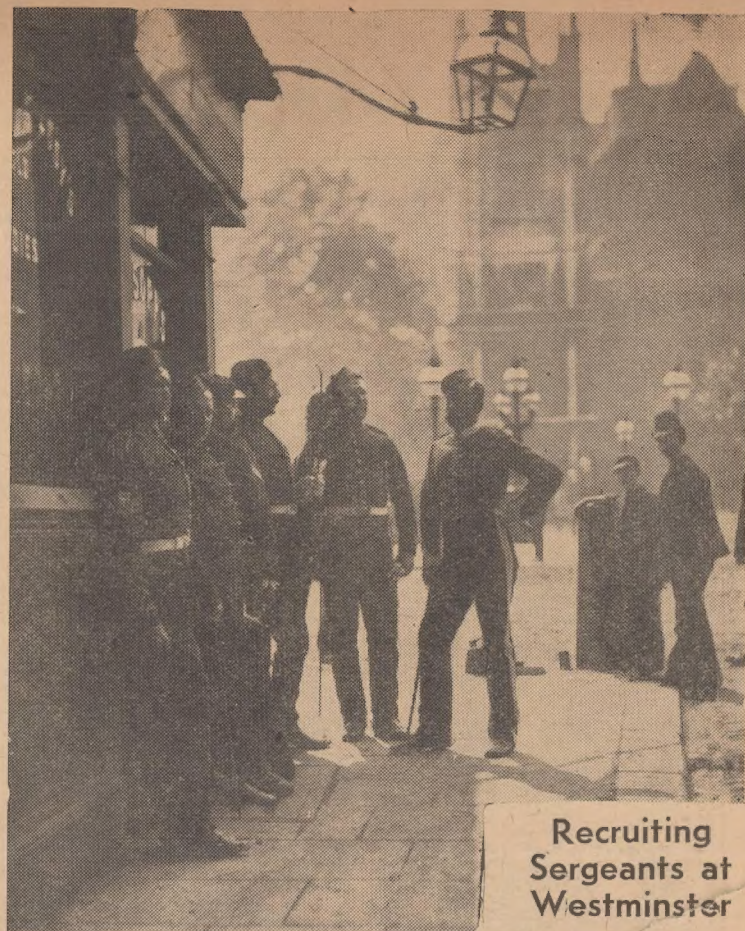




The old "Cloes" shop
(A shirt for 6d. in those days)



Yes, even
then, the
Eye-tie sold
Ices



Recruiting
Sergeants at
Westminster



Those Gents with the beards will sell anything
from a pin to a petticoat



Strawberries, all Ripe-oh!
(or at least, we guess
they're strawberries)



A Tall Hat was
necessary for the
Wandering
Medico



Any chairs to mend?



Covent Garden vegetable porters